

1490. p. 62.

THE
B A T T L E

OF THE

S E X E S.

A

P O E M.

Non aliter sunt fœmina virque pares. MART.

The THIRD EDITION.

D U B L I N :

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in Essex-street.

M. DCC. XL.

THE
BATTLE
OF THE



P.O.E.M.

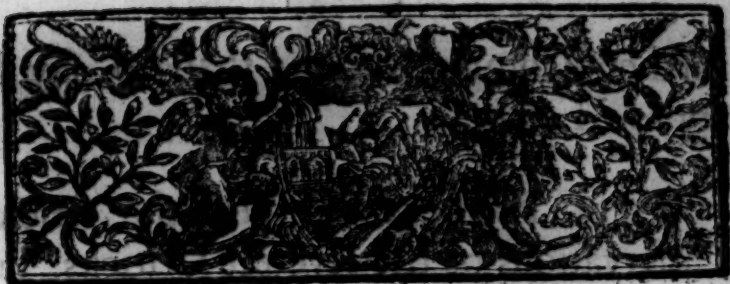
Now after being found in the hands of MART.

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DUBLIN:

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M.DCC.LX.



THE P R E F A C E.



THE following Poem being given me by a Gentleman of Worth, (whose Favours hereafter I shall be proud to acknowledge in a more publick Manner) who meeting with it by Accident from a Friend abroad ; I prevailed with him to let it be published through my Hands, since he as well as I thought it wrong that so excellent a Piece should be kept for the Amusement of Two or Three only. I need give it no

further Commendation, than to say he approv'd of it.

THIS Poem would bear the strictest Observations of the severest Criticks, and more rightly claims their Remarks, than several that have been criticis'd upon: I must needs say, It deserves to be introduced to the World by an older Hand;

For when had Youth the Leisure to be wise?

I WOULD not be thought to encroach upon the Province of that profound Society; but if any thing made me exert the Critick, it is the following Poem: for doubtless some of the most shining Parts would be hurried over unobserved, and blended with the rest. For it is most certain, That more than are capable of finding out the Beauties, will come to the Reading of it.

THE true Oeconomy throughout the whole, the lively Descriptions, the natural Similies, the simple Grandeur of the
Lan-

Language, and the Regularity of the Numbers, render it a finished Work.

As to the Verse, it is in Imitation of SPENCER, as is much of his Style; which they that have read both will easily perceive.

HE inscribes it to his Friend, and his Mistress; his Manner of Address is admirable: He quite through does Justice to both Sexes. The Field of Battle is LIFE, where he gives a lively Description of it; which I may say of all the rest of his Descriptions. The Choice of his Antagonists is much to be admired; he makes BEAUTY conquer FORTITUDE: His Opposition of CUNNING to WISDOM is very just. His Description of PATIENCE, LUST and his Shield, VIRTUE, MARRIAGE, and LOVE, shew as deep a Penetration as any that ever were written.

THE following Lines of PATIENCE plainly demonstrate he was as well read
in

in the Ancients of other Languages, as of
his own.

Nobly deform'd with honourable Scars,
A branching Palm the Chieftain's Target bore,
Whose Boughs, the more oppress'd, superior rise
the more.

And that of the PRUDE,
By Mortals HONOUR call'd, by Angels PRIDE.
As do several others in the Poem.

HIS making LUST, in the Disguise
of LOVE, conquer PRIDE and MODESTY,
calls to my Remembrance an Observation
I heard a very ingenious Gentlewoman
make of her own Sex; That if they
were free from both Modesty and
Pride, they were left entirely exposed to
the Assaults of Man.

HE shews in the Forty-first Stanza the
powerful Effects of true Love.

THE Speech that MARRIAGE makes
at the latter End carries pure undeniable
Truths with it ;

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd

IN the Forty-fifth Stanza see the fatal
Consequences of mercenary Marriages.

And each Day's Truth shall moralize his Song.

I HAVE proceeded thus far to no other
Purpose, but to enlighten the Reader in
the main Design, and to encourage him,
from this, to search out the Beauties I
have left undiscovered ; for should I pre-
tend to give the unknown Author his
Due, I must canvas every Line ; which
would swell my Observations to a far
more voluminous Piece than the Work
itself.

To conclude ; if the noblest Efforts of
Wit consist in Description ; and if De-
scription is to be set off by a just Pro-
priety of Words and Thoughts, in Sub-
jects

jects capable of being enlivened by Imagination or Fancy, all which serve at once both for the Improvement and Delight of Mankind: Then this Author must be allowed to have attained the great End of Poetry.



To conclude; if the noblest Efforts of
THE Poet in Description; and if De-
 scription is to be set off by a just Pro-
 priety of Words and Thoughts, in Sub-
 jects



THE
BATTLE
OF THE
SEXES.



THOU for whose View these Numbers are
design'd,

A while with Favour, patiently attend,
Smile, and begin not now to be unkind,
But tho' the Poet please not, spare the
Friend.

And thou, dear Object of my growing Love,
Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,
Approve my Verse, which shines, if you approve;
Let giddy Madmen court delusive Fame;
Let your Acceptance sweet o'erpay my Toil;
Let Age and Rigour frown, so Youth and Beauty smile.

II.

Of Arms, which erst contending Sexes bore,
 I sing; and Wars for Fame and Empire made.
 Despotick Man rul'd with tyrannick Pow'r,
 Obey'd, but with Reluctance still obey'd;
 With Words his long-disputed Cause he tries,
 But Woman's equal Wit disdains to yield:
 At length to arms ungen'rously he flies;
 As quick the Female takes the proffer'd Field;
 Each their superior Merit to maintain,
 For Man was learn'd, and proud; and Woman fair, and vain.

III.

A Plain there was, call'd LIFE, extended wide,
 To which a single painful Passage led,
 With num'rous Outlets plac'd on ev'ry Side;
 Scenes smiling fair the Prospect overspread;
 Flow'rets, and Myrtles fragrant, seem'd to rise.
 All was at Distance sweet, but near at Hand
 The gay Deceit mock'd the desiring Eyes,
 With Thorns, and desert Heath, and barren Sand.
 Severest Change afflicts th' uncertain Air,
 Expos'd to Summer Suns, to Blasts of Winter bare.

IV.

Here either Sex their Field of Battle chose:
 The narrow Entrance by Consent they past;
 But enter'd, soon their Enmity disclose,
 And to their different Standards march with Haste.

Brigades



Brigades of crafty Neuters hov'ring lay
Near either Margin of the spacious Plain,
To wait the doubtful Fortune of the Day,

And publick Loss improve to private Gain.

Here Marriage chaste, there Love had pitch'd his Tent,
Adverse from raging Lust, and Avarice Earth-bent.

V.

The Women first, quick to Revenge, were seen

In shining rich enamell'd Arms t' advance;

Like antient Spartans o'er the level Green,

To gentle Flutes they trod a measur'd Dance.

Strait the Male Banners wave, unfurl'd, in Air,

While sounding Trumps delib'rate Valour breathe,

Kindling in martial Breasts fierce Love of War,

And Thirst of Vengeance, and Contempt of Death.

Furious they charge, while FORTITUDE, their Guide
Conspicuous in the Van, his Female Foes defy'd.

VI.

In freshest Pride of Life, and Strength of Years,

(The Male Battalions worthy to command)

In times of Danger unappall'd with Fears,

A Chieftain swift of Foot, and strong of Hand;

Nor tir'd with Labours, nor dismay'd with Pains,

Arm'd at all Points, a Stranger to Despair;

He dreads not Treason, and he Force disdains;

In bitter Taunts he thus accosts the Fair:

By Women charg'd shall Warriors back recoil?
Sharp Swords, and pointed Darts, shall Female Distaffs foil.

VII.

BEAUTY, great Gen'ral of the Female Fight,
Sprung from the Front with FORTITUDE t'engage;
Her slender Limbs for Toils appear too slight,
Yet stoutest Chiefs have trembled at her Rage.
Stiff Ribs of Whale her Coat of Mail compos'd;
Compos'd with Arts, her taper Waist to show.
A Beavor wrought with black her Helmet clos'd,
Which by the Name of Mask the Moderns know.
Each Step, each Motion, shot an artless Grace;
She seem'd of Conquest sure, sure ev'n without her Face,

VIII.

The warlike Virgin, and the Heroe chose,
In different Ways to wage an equal Fight;
With Giant Strength he heaps redoubled Blows;
Of Force inferior she depends on Flight;
Eluding furious Strokes by quick Retreat,
Long time she wards, and wary shifts her Place;
At length her Helm his Sword descending met,
And of her sable Vizard cut the Lace;
Millions of sudden Charms discover'd lye,
Her Skin, her Hair, her Brows, her Check, her Lip, her Eye.

IX.

Disdainful Frowns and Smiles alternate rise,
 Swift to her Cheeks the lovely Crimson streams,
 While kindling Rage darts Lightning from her Eyes,
 And adds new Brightness to their native Beams;
 Nor shalt thou boast, th' undaunted Virgin said,
 Nor am I yet defenceless, and o'erthrown.
 His forward Foot the shrinking Warrior stay'd,
 Damp'd with resistless Fear till then unknown,
 Th' enchanting Voice his inmost Nerves unstrung;
 And what her Eyes began, she perfects with her Tongue,

X.

But WISDOM next flow marching to his Aid,
 In heavy Armour took th' uncertain Field;
 Temper'd his Helm, by wondrous Magick made;
 And Proof to Witchcraft was his pond'rous Shield,
 Calm without Fear, and fervent to engage,
 In Action quick, but tardy to advise;
 He seem'd advanc'd to more than middle Age;
 For when had Youth the Leisure to be wise?
 Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly;
 Resolv'd his lifted Arm, and quick his piercing Eye.

XI.

Now BEAUTY small avails, for WISDOM knows
 How soon her transitory Glories fail,
 That Age brings languid Eyes, and wither'd Brows,
 Her Hairs all hoary, and her Face all pale,

The more he view'd, he view'd with less Applause
 Whom Rage distorted, and whom Pride deform'd :
 Sternly his unrelenting Sword he draws,
 Nor by her Looks, nor by her Language warm'd,
 Scarce could frail Beauty stand his awful View,
 When timely to her Aid deep-mining CUNNING flew.

XII.

Artful her Bosom heav'd, her rolling Eyes
 Allur'd with Glances, whom in Heart she scorn'd ;
 Sweet flow'd her Words with ever-pleasing Lies,
 An Infant Lisp her double Tongue adorn'd,
 Her Feet half-dancing, negligently pac'd ;
 Her Motion, nay, her Rest was all Design ;
 Her Arms a Scarf, a Ribbon-Bridle grac'd,
 Whose Colours glorious in the Sun-beams shine,
 Their Hue still varying with the changing Place,
 Yet each alternate Dye was suited to her Face.

XIII.

The Springs and Passions of the secret Mind,
 The witty Sorcerers could surely move ;
 Now cruel false, now seeming faithful kind,
 With well-guis'd Hate, and well-dissembled Love ;
 Fast fell her Tears, obedient to her Will,
 A side-long Glance her ogling Eyes would throw ;
 Simple in Shew, and innocent of Skill,
 Observing most what least she seem'd to know ;

Then.

Then farthest off when most approaching near,
Was never Fraud so deep, in Semblance so sincere.

XIV.

A fierce and dubious Conflict now began;
CUNNING, great Engineer of Womankind,
WISDOM, main Champion for contending Man,
Met, wondring each their Match in Arms to find;
Equal the Fight while both their Station held;
While neither Chief the adverse Camp invades,
But furious Onsets either Part repell'd,
By warlike Wiles, and viewless Ambuscades;
Their Safety not in Strength but flying stood,
They conquer'd, who retir'd, they yielded, who pursu'd.

XV.

Mean Time, far to the Left, great PATIENCE fought,
Experienc'd Vet'ran, harden'd in Alarms;
His Mail seem'd Proof 'gainst mortal Fury wrought,
Yet Furrows deep indent his batter'd Arms;
Loss with persisting Diligence he retriev'd,
Arm'd by his present Ills for future Wars;
Leader of Men, Wounds had he oft receiv'd,
Nobly deform'd with honourable Scars;
A branching Palm the Chieftain's Target bore,
Whose Boughs, the more oppress'd, superior rise the more.

XVI.

XVI.

Him SCORN oppos'd, an Amazonian Fair,
 Whose haughty Eyes were ever glanc'd askew;
 Her Neck writh'd backward with disdainful Air,
 As some distastful Sight offends her View;
 That silly Maid incurr'd her steady Hate,
 That could to Man, tyrannick Fawner, bow.
 At Distance let the menial Spaniel wait,
 Or cringing at her Feet his Duty know.
 Studious of Flight, she fear'd to trust her Feet,
 But rode a Courser bay, than Eastern Winds mote fleet.

XVII.

Tho' Man, as trodden Dirt, her Soul despis'd,
 Yet ill her Habit, and her Words agree:
 A manlike Hunter's Dress her Form disguis'd,
 Shafts on her Back; and Buskins to her Knee.
 She fought, like ancient Parthians, flying fast,
 And frequent stopt her swift Pursuer's Speed;
 Still as she shot redoubling strait her Haste,
 Quick horn far distant by her light-foot Steed;
 Ere on her Cask her Foe-man's Sword descends;
 Who 'gainst impassive Air his idle Fury bends.

XVIII.

At length, oft wounded by her backward Dart,
 Dismounted PATIENCE headlong greets the Plain;
 The boastful Conquer's glories in his Smart,
 Stops, and alights, to view, and mock his Pain.

The seeming breathless Champion light arose,
 By Wounds unweaken'd, fiercer through his Fall;
 Nor could astonish'd SCORN his Force oppose;
 Debarr'd of wonted Flight, a sudden Thrall:
 So dear th' unwary short-liv'd Brav'ry cost;
 What Hours with Toil preserv'd, with Ease a Moment lost.

XIX.

But now the neutral Troops to move began,
 Threatning the weary'd Hosts with fatal War;
 Led by their Cheiftain LUST, a Giant Man,
 With boastful Voice loud shouting from afar;
 Like Mountain Torrents swell'd by Winter Show'rs,
 Resistless, fierce he sweeps along the Plain;
 His leprous Mouth a Flame infectious pours,
 Darting slow Death, and self-consuming Pain;
 His ever-rolling Eyes like Beacons glare,
 Shagg'd as the Goat his Limbs, and black his bristling Hair.

XX.

Still to new Conquest eager he aspir'd,
 Leaving with Scorn whom he subdu'd in Fight;
 Against Repulse well-steel'd, nor ever tir'd
 With toilsome Day, or ill-succeeding Night.
 Active when'er the lucky Moment call'd;
 At least Advantage obstinate to press:
 His harden'd Front, unblushing, unappall'd,
 Laugh'd at Reproaches, and enjoy'd Disgrace;

Sporting with Oaths, unmov'd with Parents Moans,
With ruffled Virgin's Shrieks, or Infants dying Groans.

XXI.

His Shield was painted with lascivious Lies,
Whoredom's Device, devis'd to veil his Shame;
Of Jove the Thund'rer, and of Phœbus wife,
The Bull, the Goat, the Serpent, and the Flame.
There Prude Diana too, by Day-light chaste,
Asleep lay pictur'd in Endymion's Arms;
There Bacchus' Feasts, and Venus's Rites were plac'd:
With Philtres base, and Love-compelling Charms.
A Crest obscene o'er shades the Monster's Head;
A Jove in Eagle's Form, and ravish'd Ganymede.

XXII.

'Gainst LUST the rash Coquets their Forces bent,
But sunk beneath the Fury of the Storm.
When MODESTY, from the main Army sent
T' oppose his Rage, advanc'd her Angel Form;
Skillful with Darts to wage an equal Fight,
Her Arm resists not, but prevents the Blow;
A guiltless Blush crimsons her snowy White;
Softly reserv'd her Voice, and sweetly low.
No Woman Chief did like Perfection share,
Scarce CUNNING more of Might, or BEAUTY self more fair.

XXIII.

The Champions quick seiz'd a rising Ground,
 Where Ramparts high by Female Hands were wrought;
 Whose Fence the Giant traversing around,
 Now here, now there, in vain an Entrance sought.
 Upwards he press'd with unavailing Speed,
 Ardent in equal Fight his Foe t' assail;
 Her ready Lance meets his aspiring Head,
 Strongly rebuff'd, he tumbling strikes the Vale;
 But undismay'd, upstarting from the Plain,
 Again he rises fierce, disgrac'd to fall again.

XXIV.

Stun'd at the Shock, the scarcely conqu'ring Fair
 Now wisely meditates a distant Blow;
 A pond'rous Stone, hurl'd through the whistling Air,
 Prevents the grappling of her stronger Foe;
 Full on his Helm the rocky Fragment fell,
 And soil'd in humble Dust his lofty Crest;
 But Wounds on Wounds his Course in vain repel,
 For tenfold Fury fires his stubborn Breast;
 His glaring Eyes shot a revengeful Flame;
 He roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of Shame.

XXV.

His Fraud (th' Artificer of Falshood) try'd
 In borrow'd Shape t' elude her wary Eye;
 His Shield, and well-known Casket thrown aside,
 Disguis'd like LOVE, he march'd as an Ally.

With unsuspicious Faith the Maid believ'd,
 Till now the Rampart's Top the Foe had gain'd;
 Too late the lurking Treason she perceiv'd,
 Surpriz'd un'wares, she scarce his Force sustain'd;
 Courage her Heart, and Strength her Arm forsook;
 Weak, sinking by Degrees; faint, yielding to the Shock.

XXVI.

The self-sufficient Prudes embattled stood
 Near hand, but none t' assist the Vanquish'd flies;
 Their neighbour Ranks they say with Joy subdu'd,
 With spiteful Mirth triumphant in their Eyes;
 With Scoffs, and wise Reproaches they upbraid
 Those that, o'erpower'd, for Help or Pity call;
 And can they yeild to LUST, in Rage they said,
 Unaided, friendless, let the Wretches fall.
 Themselves were now attack'd, the rest o'erthrown,
 And Weakness scorn'd so late, too soon became their own.

XXVII.

At length the Chieftain Prude obstructs his Speed;
 (By Mortals HONOUR call'd, by Angels PRIDE)
 On lowly Earth her Foot disdain'd to tread;
 High in a martial Car she chose to ride:
 The Load six dappled Coursers proudly drew,
 Their Harness bright with Tinsel overcast;
 Still as she rode, a conscious Glance she threw,
 To mark what Gazers view'd her, as she past.

Studded

Studded with burnish'd Brass the Chariot shin'd,
And drag'd with useless Pomp six glittering Slaves behind.

XXVIII.

She clanks her rattling Arms, and shouts aloud,
Strengthen'd by num'rous Troops, that gaz'd around ;
While LUST, half faint, amidst the thronging Crowd,
Himself on Foot a Match unequal found :
He leaves the Field, as desp'rate of Success,
But with recruited Rage and Strength returns,
Drawn by eight Steeds, he breaks the wondring Press ;
With Spokes of burnish'd Gold the Chariot burns.
PRIDE turn'd her Reigns, soon as his Car she view'd,
Fast fled the frighted Dame, the Frighter Knight pursu'd.

XXIX.

Now sable-mantled Night advancing nigh,
Colours, distinct before, confus'dly blends,
While far from either Host the Chariots fly,
Till HONOUR, tir'd, to Parley condescends,
Deigns to submit her haughty Crest to lower ;
For Privacy she thinks her Shame will screen :
No more depending on her virgin Pow'r,
Since nor her Vaunts are heard, nor Prowess seen,
She yields a willing Captive to his Might,
Obscur'd in guilty Clouds of all-concealing Night.

XXX.

XXX.

From yielded HONOUR, LUST returning flew,
 Where camp'd in Rest the Male Battalions lay,
 And rous'd their weary'd Host with Battle new,
 With Rage still fiercest when remote from Day,
 Not all the Noon-tide Heat, and Toil of War,
 Equal'd the Dangers of this Midnight Hour;
 The Cent'ry sink, unnerv'd with sudden Fear,
 And Groans of Wretches speak the Victor's Pow'r;
 Till spread from Rank to Rank th' Alarm was heard,
 Where REASON, wakeful Chief, his utmost Tent uprear'd.

XXXI.

Stranger to Noise, to his lov'd Rest retir'd,
 Rev'rend his hoary Head, in Counsel sage;
 Scorn'd in Extremes, and in Extremes admir'd;
 Decry'd in Youth, and idoliz'd in Age;
 His Voice was calm, and still, and rarely known,
 Where direful Trumpets vex the troubled Air,
 He starts from Earth, where arm'd his Limbs were thrown,
 His Squadrons' Fate or to revenge or share.
 "Your enter'd Camp from swift Destruction keep,
 "Or instant rous'd awake, or slain for ever sleep.

XXXII.

He spake; they rise obedient to his Call,
 Who near their Chief their ready tents had plac'd;
 Yet baffled soon the Conqu'ror's Prey they fall,
 Their Leader standing but to yield the last.

A while

A while successful prov'd his aged Army,
 A while his Fortune hung in equal Scale;
 He sunk, enfeebled as he grew more warm;
 But LUST prefs'd on, accustom'd to prevail,
 With Strength unbated by laborious Sweat;
 Greatest when most oppos'd, increasing with his Heat.

XXXIII.

Now ruddy Morn purpled the glowing East,
 And show'd the Waste the Monster's Rage had made;
 Whose Force nor Floods nor Mountains could resist;
 Nor Brass, nor Di'mond Barriers could have stay'd.
 At length both shatter'd Hosts their Counsels bent,
 How surest to revenge their common Foil;
 Made wise by Smart, a Champions they sent,
 Whose Arm alone was equal to the Toil;
 Sometimes on Earth by VIRTUE's Title fam'd,
 But by th' Angelick Host Divine RELIGION nam'd.

XXXIV.

Mild, sweet, serene, and chearful was her Mood;
 Nor grave with Sternness, nor with Lightness free;
 Against Example resolutely good;
 Fervent in Zeal, and warm in Charity:
 Who ne'er forsook her Faith for Love of Peace,
 Nor fought with Fire and Sword to shew her Zeal;
 Duteous to Princes, when they most oppress;
 Patient in bearing Ill, and doing well;

In Pray'rs, and Tears, she found her sole Defence,
Nor rais'd rebellious Arms to strengthen Providence.

XXXV.

Her prudent Care was fix'd on Heav'n's blest Height,
Yet by her Steps on Earth that Care was shewn.
Fearless of Harm in Darkneſs, as in Light;
Fearful of Sin at Midnight, as at Noon:
A bloody Croſs was pourtray'd on her Shield,
Whose Sight the Monster ſcarcely could ſuſtain;
Feeble to keep, yet loth to quit the Field;
Blaſted and Thunder-ſtruck with chilling Pain:
When 'gainſt his Head her ſacred Arms ſhe bent,
Strict Watch, and Faſt ſevere, and Pray'r omnipotent.

XXXVI.

Murm'ring he fled, yet backward turn'd his Face,
Whom Step by Step th' Angelick Maid purſu'd;
Yet oft, as ſlack'ning he obſerv'd her Pace,
He ſtay'd his Speed, and Battle vain renew'd.
Mean while the yet-remaining neutral Bands,
Advanc'd with open Look, and friendly Mind;
Whose March a great and well-known Pair command,
MARRIAGE, and LOVE, unhappy when diſjoin'd;
Who over LUST perpetual Triumph gain'd;
Friends to RELIGION firm, by wiſeſt God ordain'd.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Love; the most gen'ral Cong'ror here below;
 Whose subtle Nature hard is to be told;
 Whom all can feel, but few aright can know;
 Who cheats the Crafty, and who fools the Old.
 He seem'd of jarring Contraries compos'd,
 To-day sharp fighted, and To-morrow blind;
 His Beaver lifted up, his Face disclos'd,
 Where simple Faith and winning Sweetness shin'd.
 High on his Crest sat perch'd a gall-less Dove,
 Emblem of changeless Truth, of Chastity, and Love.

XXXVIII.

Th' immortal Glories of the nut-brown Maid,
 Emblazon'd lively on his shield appear;
 The various Parts which shifting Henry play'd;
 The Test for human Frailty too severe.
 Wealth, Ease, and Fame, and Sex she cast behind;
 True to his Woes and Consort of his Ill:
 Not Falshood's self could shake her stiddy Mind;
 Tho' base, and perjur'd, yet she loves him still.
 All but her Virtue she for Henry leaves;
 Love stands the sore Assault, tho' rival'd Woman grieves.

XXXIX.

Sometimes more fleet the swift-foot Pow'r would go,
 Than Light, or Thought, or Time itself could fly:
 Sometimes with stealing Motion, silent, slow;
 Unseen, unmark'd, but by the jealous Eye:

D

Dauntless

Dauntless, resolv'd, mindless of Perils past,
 Rewarded in an Hour for Years of Pain :
 Trembles his Eye, with modest Awe down-cast,
 Faulters his Tongue, scarce daring to complain ;
 Yet when grown bold, their moving Force he tries,
 Manna is on his Tongue, and Witchcraft in his Eyes.

XL.

Of winged Boys a num'rous Troop they led,
 Who sent their Shafts with never-erring Aim,
 Whose Wounds not Pain, but tickling Pleasure bred,
 Still were the loudest, and the fiercest tame.
 Forgetting Feuds they long to be ally'd,
 And softer Passions on the Sexes seize :
 Down from their Hands their wrathful Weapons slide,
 Chang'd is their Rancour for Desire to please ;
 In sudden Peace the jarring Kinds agree,
 With Reconcilement dear, and cordial Amity.

XLI.

Transform'd by magick LOVE the Males appear,
 New cast their Natures in a finer Mold ;
 Prudent the Fool, well-natur'd the Severe,
 The Wise grew humble, and the Coward bold :
 Nor less his friendly Darts improve the Fair ;
 Was none or loosely free, or coyly rude ;
 The gay Coquet now liv'd not to ensnare ;
 To meekest passive Woman sunk the Prude :

Nor could the Brave resist, or Fearful run,
For Heav'n made Man to win, and Woman to be won,

XLII.

Next close to LOVE well-suited MARRIAGE came,
Who Hand in Hand their social Steps advance,
Kindly as Warmth of Life, her equal Flame
Not Fevers heat, nor flutt'ring Spirits dance;
Who Pleasure tasted with reflecting Thought,
Not Life upbraiding for avoidless Pains
Entail'd on Mortal State; who wisely fought
Too fitting LOVE with long-enduring Chains,
Of Int'rest and of Duty fast to bind,
Fountain of chaste Delight, great Parent of Mankind.

XLIII.

Where faithful LOVE had join'd the Sexes Hands,
She grants an holier, and a nearer Tie:
For Death alone could disunite her Bands,
Nor less than Life true Love could satisfy:
While thus she join'd the Pair, the Matron spoke;
Attend, ye Sexes, and my Words approve,
My Doom nor Male nor Female shall revoke;
Since Nature form'd the Kinds for mutual Love;
Vain your Disputes, vain is your Anger shewn,
For more distinguish'd Hate meer Dotage shall atone,

XLIV.

XLIV.

Tho' Man does awful Rule o'er Woman bear,
 Not sprung from greater Worth, but Right Divine;
 Yet she shall in her Turn Dominion share,
 Ere to his Will her Empire she resign:
 But while she reigns her Mildness let her show,
 And well employ the quickly-fleeting Time;
 Not unrewarded shall her Mercy go,
 And strictest Justice shall o'ertake her Crime.
 Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
 Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.

XLV.

AMBITION proud, and fordid AVARICE,
 Disguis'd like LOVE himself attended nigh;
 And each sometimes the Place of LOVE supplies;
 While partial AGE compell'd them to comply.
 Such Pairs were soon distinguish'd by th' Event;
 Unkind REPROACH, too biting to endure,
 Pining DISTRUST, and brawling DISCONTENT,
 Curs'd JEALOUSY, which Heav'n alone can cure;
 Foul perjur'd GUILT, sad Caufer of DIVORCE;
 And late REPENTANCE vain, of Hell itself the Source.

XLVI.

Forgive the Voice that useful Fiction sings;
 Not impious Tales of Deities impure,
 Not Faults of breathless Queens, or living Kings,
 In downright Treason, or in Hints obscure.

What

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What here I write, each knowing Eye must see ;

What here I write to all Men must belong :

Still will the Sexes jar, and still agree ;

And each Day's Truth shall moralize my Song.

Still will each Sex for Sov'reignty contend :

Wars with the World begun, with that alone shall end.

F I N I S



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and O'Connell, who were arrested by A. Williams, superintendent of police, and taken to Market Town Hall.

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and all other islands or reefs within the limits of the Hawaiian Islands.



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